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KNAVE

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 2

FALLEN ANGELS
Where have all the sex stars gone?

BAUBLES BANGLES AND BOOBS
Erotic jewellery

SEX AIDS TO MODERN LIVING

AND ANNETTE HAVING FUN WITH FUR!

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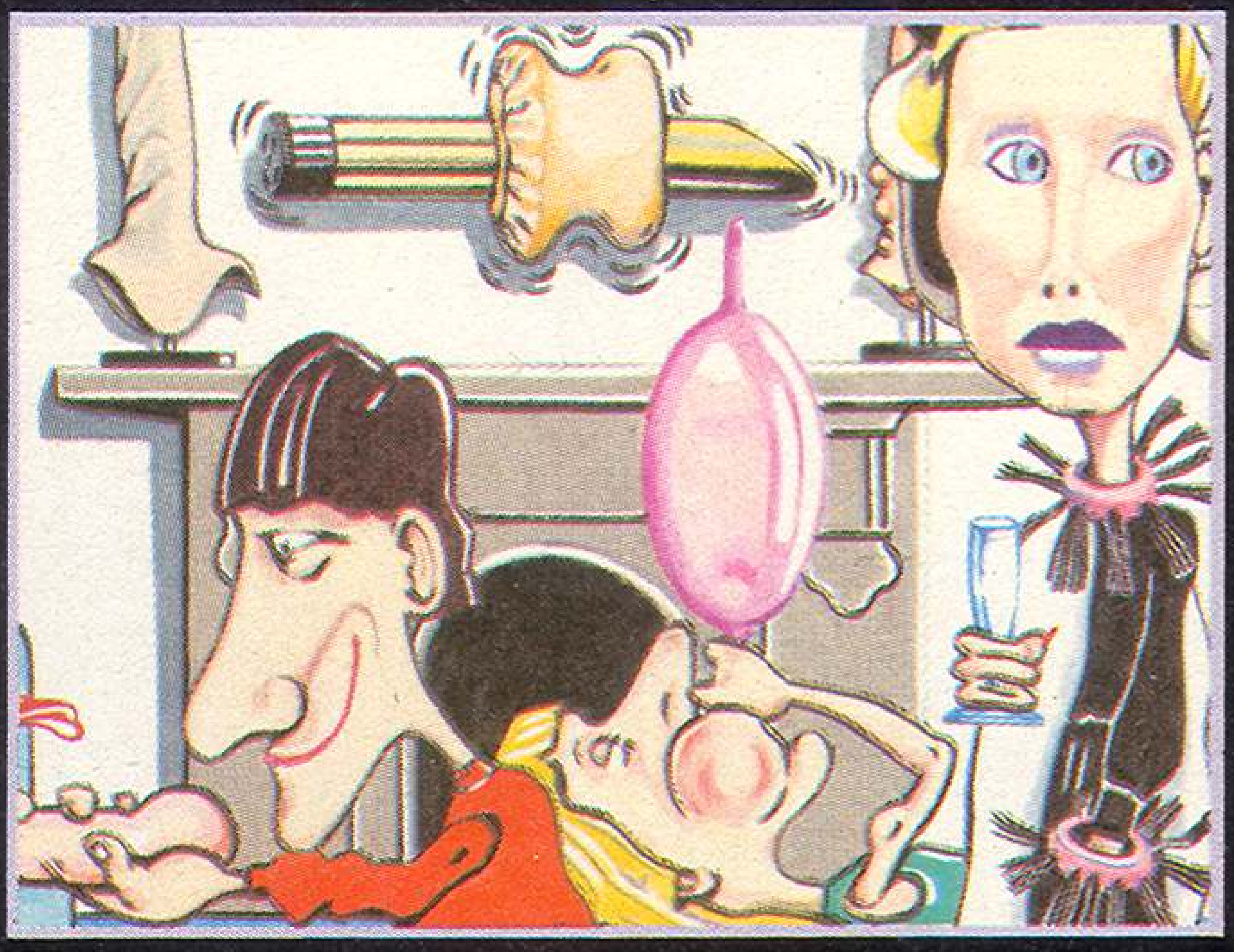

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KNAVE Penpower

If you've got into any neck-breaking or hair-raising positions lately in the pursuit of a good sex-life, received any deep throats or hard shafts with milkmen, next-door neighbours, total strangers or the person you've shared a bed with for twenty years, send them in all haste to: Penpower, Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. All submissions treated in strictest confidence.

Best Foot Forward
Your magazine is a favourite of mine, the thing I like most of all is the layout — it's unbeatable! I've got one complaint, though, why is it that all the models have their feet covered with heavy boots or stockings or something similar? There is a certain beauty about a female without anything on her feet — except perhaps an ankle chain.

I enjoyed Vol. 13 No. 11, and I thought that your Amateur Model, Fiona McCarthy, showed her feet to good sexy effect. I am very aroused if I get to see the naked feet of ladies, provided they are well pedicured and pretty. I like painted toenails — they add that touch of glamour and attractiveness. So, please, let's see some more glorious feet! — *J.N., Wallington.*

August Fantasy
I just had to write to you about the girls in your August issue, Knave Vol. 13 No. 8, they are just fantastic! Normally in each issue of Knave, one or two of the girls really appeal to me — but in this issue there are no less than four stunning beauties that have fired my imagination: Andrea, Gemma, Shelby and the Amateur Model, Paula Gillespie.

Andrea — that gorgeous blonde hair, I just love it. I'd love to run my hands through it, and then push my cock into it and spunk into it. As for Gemma, I adore her smooth and sexy skin, I want to stroke it for hours on end — as long as she keeps that suspender belt on. Shelby simply exudes sexuality and the look on Paula's face says it all; come and screw me! — *J.S., Kent.*

Rae Burn
I was flicking through Knave Vol. 13 No. 11, when the magazine fell open on Page 25. I could go no further, all I could do was gaze at Rae — what a fantastic woman! I just adore those see-through panties that she's wearing, what wouldn't I give to sink my face into them? Please, can we have some more? — *C.R., West Glamorgan.*

Slim-line Knave?
Though neither a subscriber, nor a regular buyer of magazines such as Knave, I do occasionally treat myself to some of the photographic delights to be found within your beautiful, glossy pages — and I say Knave does it best!

The photography is of a high standard and the models are usually a delectable dream. The poses are all-revealing without being clumsy or crude and it is in fact the pleasure I got from Knave 13/9 which prompts me to write! Pages 12 and 13, displaying the adorable Antoinette's irresistable rear and the perfect pussy of Nell Kramer, bottom of page 61, are finger-lickin' fantastic! They alone are worth the price of the whole issue. I could spend hours (have done, in fact!) looking at those lovely ladies' luscious labia. Such a mouth-watering sight! Why can't you make colour slides or print sets available for readers to buy?

Readers? That brings me to my next point; I find the articles tedious and the stories virtually adolescent — almost a complete turn-off. Don't get me wrong, I'm not offended by basic expressions and explicit descriptions, but the level is juvenile. Is this erotica?

I would gladly settle for a thinner magazine, if this meant more super pics of the Promised land. I might even become a subscriber!

To shake up Shakespeare; 'More art with less matter' — Please! — *A.N. Manchester*
We can't sell prints or slides direct because of copyright problems — our photographers guard their pictures jealously. As for the 'tedious. . adolescent. . juvenile' description of our articles and stories. . . The Thigh High *mini-skirts piece was light nostalgia and the* Heroic Failures *piece, even lighter humour. Did you miss the point? As for* The Pearl, *this represents some of the best Victorian erotica available. Perhaps if we were to mention that the extract selected was one of the less torrid tales. . . Ed.*

Busty Bout
Regarding three of the letters in Knave Vol. 13 No. 10, I very much agreed with the comments of K.L. of Merseyside and S.K. of London NW9, about Sonja Santini. She's gorgeous — please feature her again soon!

I was also very interested to read the letter from K.P.R. of Leeds in the same issue about girls wrestling, and about the matches he suggests between some of your models. It seems to me that the inset photos on the cover of Vol. 13 No. 6 could serve as a poster for a special challenge match between Virginia Huston, the mature model and the 'champion'; and Sonja Santini, the beautiful beginner and the 'challenger'.

Who Rae? Here she is *without* those see-through panties.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMERS . . .

Every month in Knave we bring you girls like this. Some who dream wistfully alone. Some who are watched by an unseen admirer. All are beautiful. Why risk missing out on all this beauty? Subscribe – and be sure of the next twelve issues.

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Rebecca

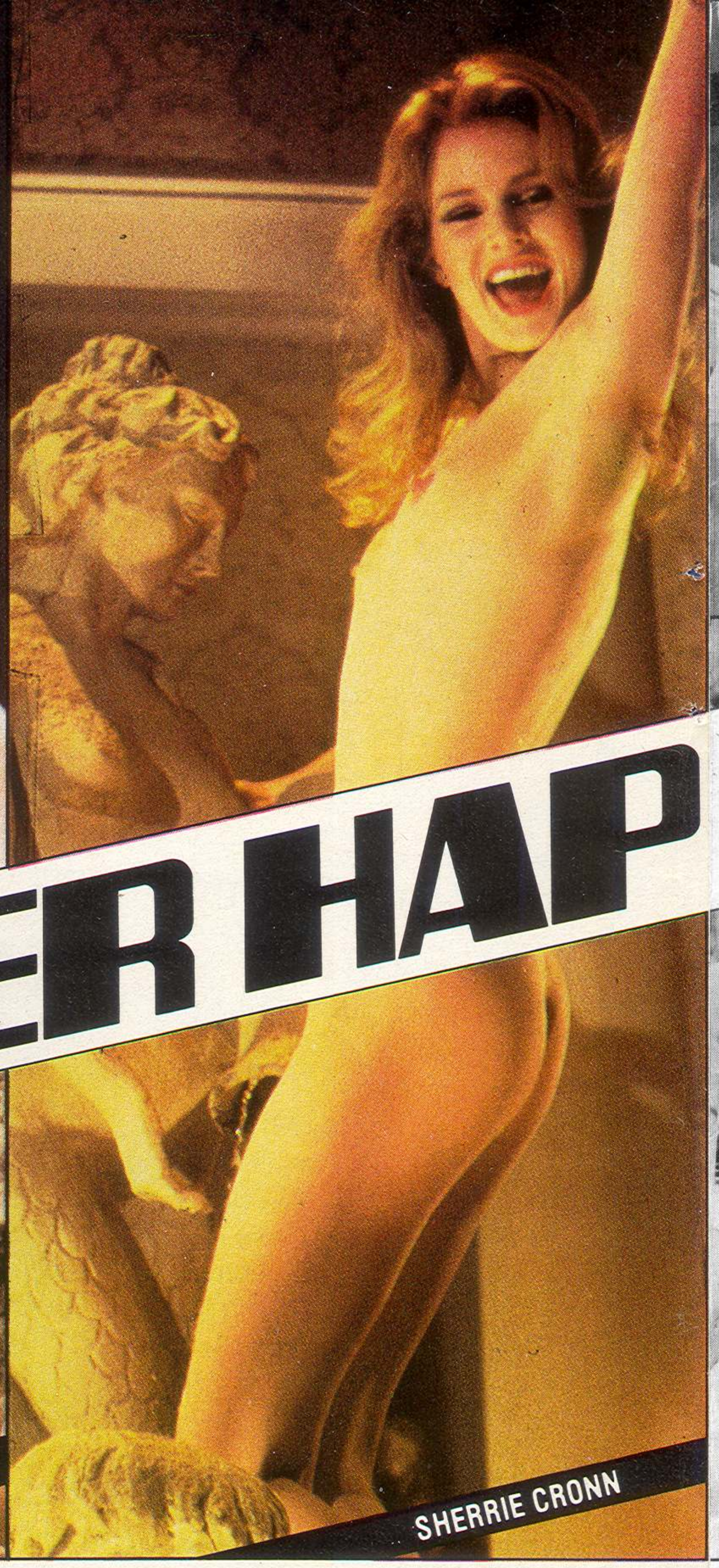
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN ANDERSON

"Um, haven't you been on television love?" burbled the Office Idiot. Poor Rebecca sighed. "No, I am not Wonder Woman — I don't look a bit like her," she groaned. Some photos of the real Linda Carter were perused. The Office Idiot sidled out ashamed and abashed. Rebecca forgave us. Indeed, we think she's an improvement on the original. At five feet three she's a less threatening figure than Wonder Woman. More approachable, more amenable — and far more cuddly . . .

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO..?

USCHI DIGARD

ABIGAIL CLAYTON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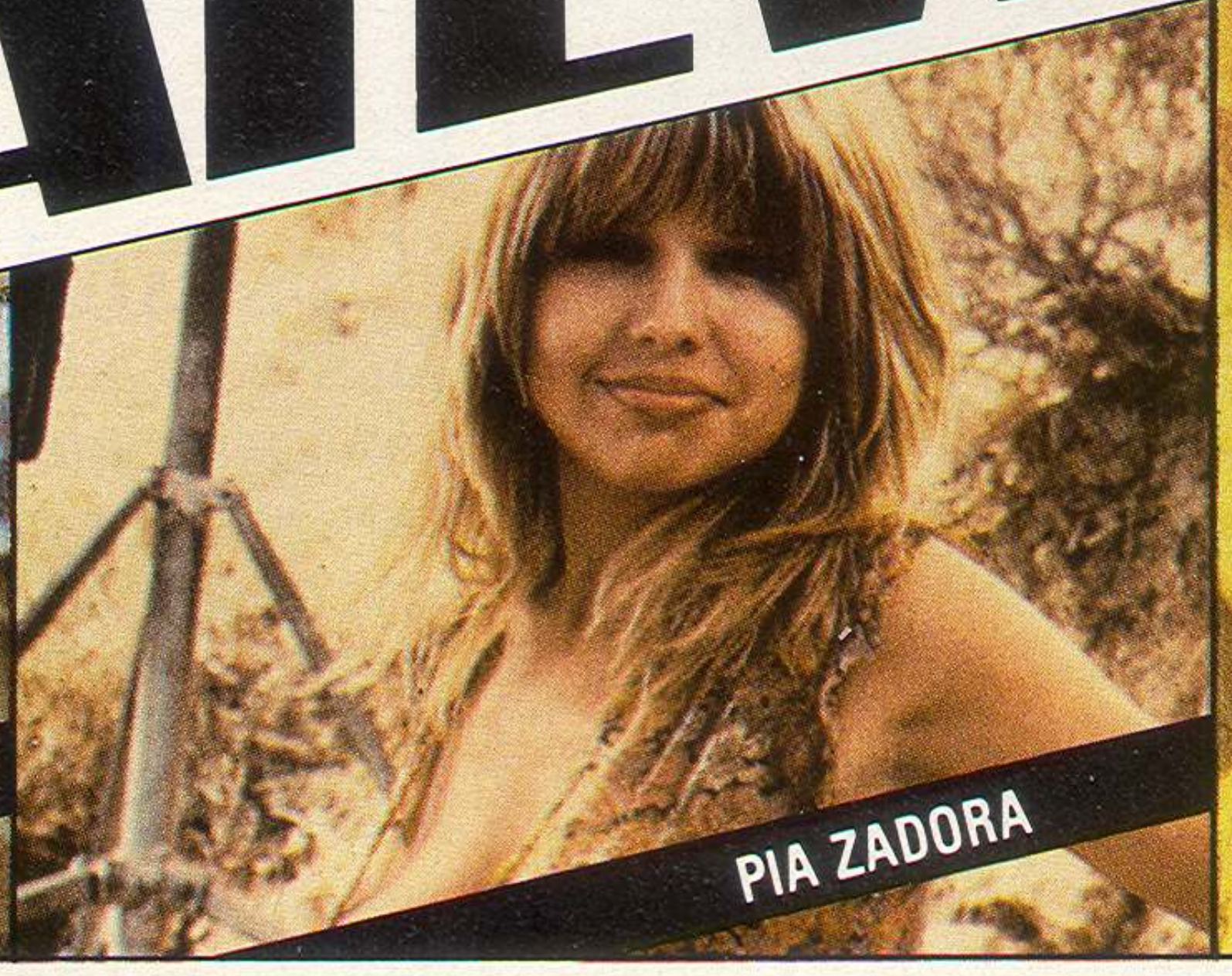
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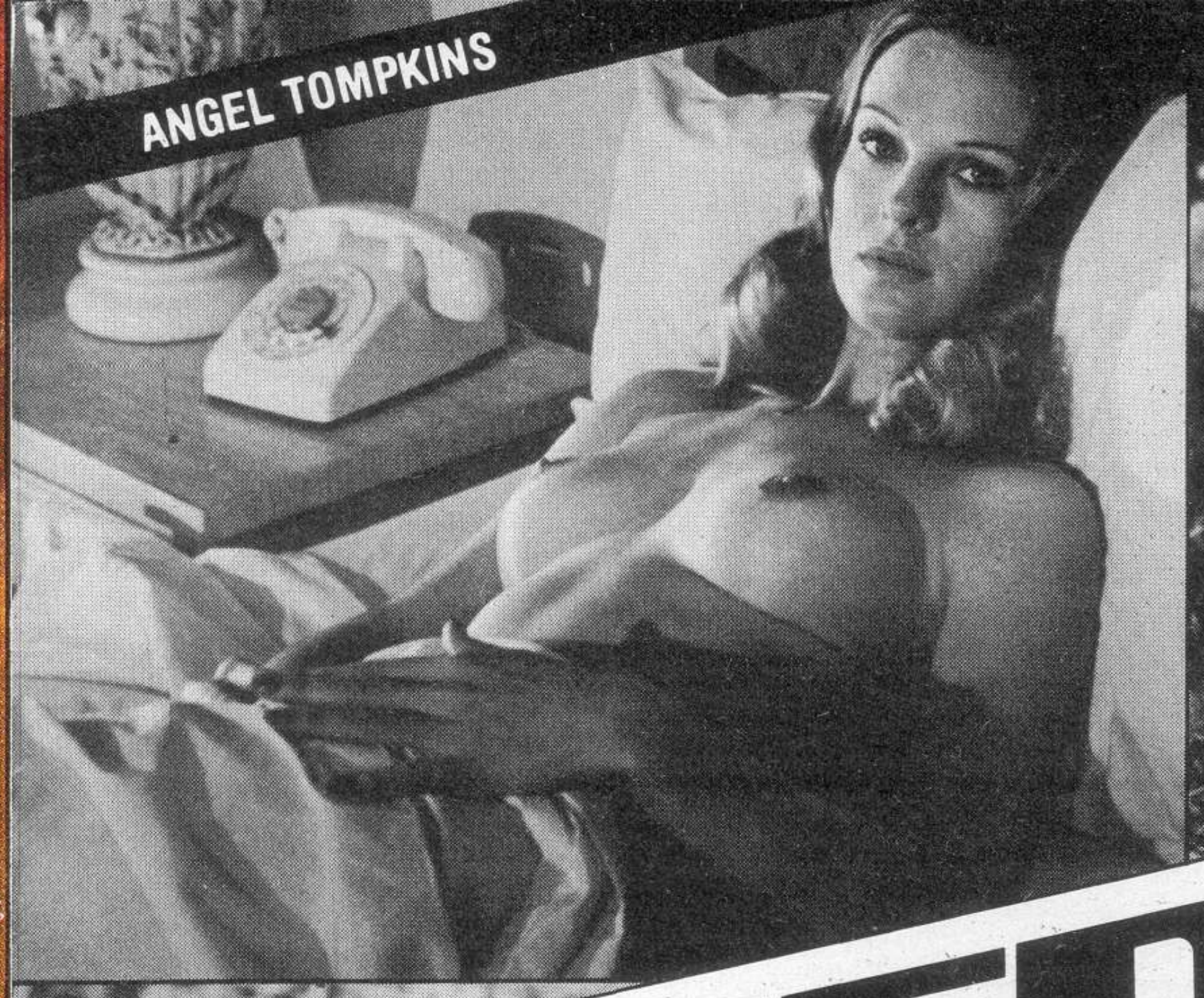
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GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

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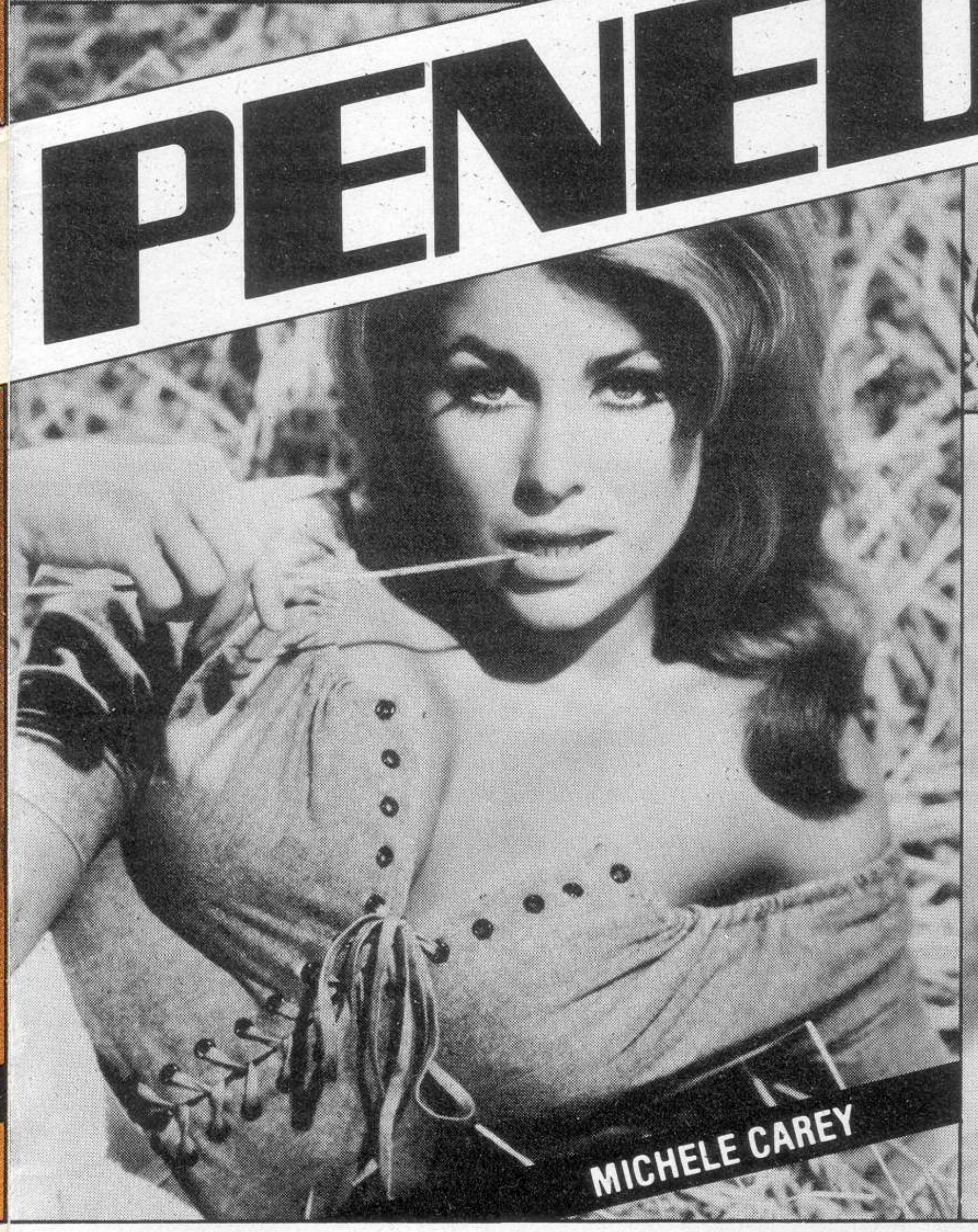
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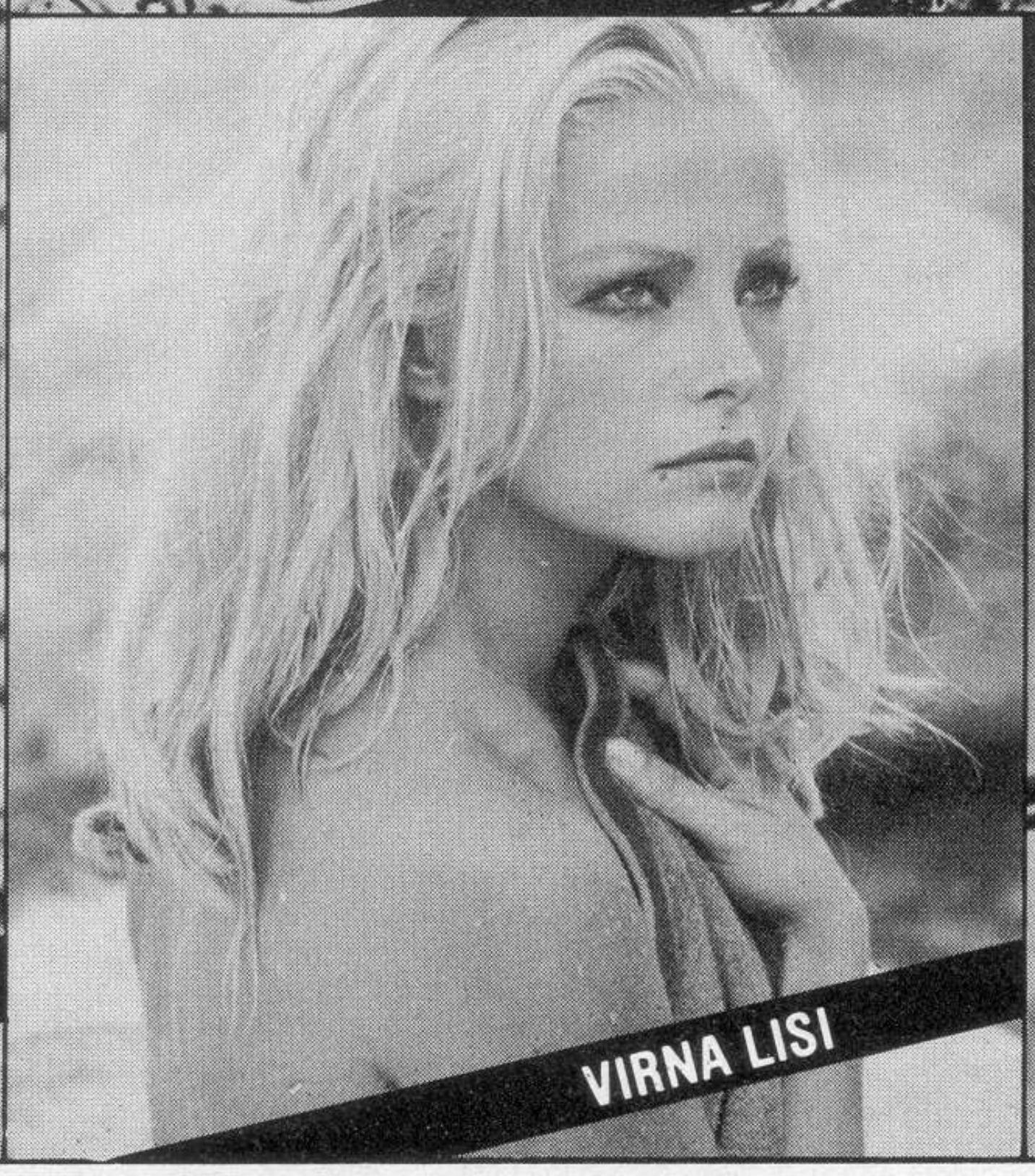

VIRNA LISI

MELINA MERCOURI

Madeline, Marsha, Gunnel, Virna, Lena, Claire, Edy, Constance, Sherrie, Ushi, Melina, Rene, Trisha, Darby, Beatrice, TONY CRAWLEY ASKS WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...? Frances, Barbara, Stella, Rita, Maria, Heather, Ava, Laura, Honeysuckle, Ann, Theresa, Yutte, Abigail, Pia, Jane. . .

It was the Greek elections that did it for most people. For there she was, centre-stage again. Melina Mercouri! The mercurial Piraeus port pro from *Never On Sunday* had gone straight (or as straight as any politician can) and been made Papandreou's Minister of Culture and Science.

"So that's where she's been all these years!" went the comment in a million front parlours, pubs, clubs, shacks and bachelor boltholes.

I could have told you all about Melina and politics, oh. . .ages ago. She made her final film (until the next elections?) in 1978, soon after becoming the Pan Hellenic Socialist Movement's MP in her old movie-set, tart-beat of Piraeus. But I didn't tell you. Because no one asked.

There used to be a spot in some American magazine (the Reader's Digest in the dentist's waiting room, perhaps?) which illuminated the whereabouts of faded stars. I do believe Ronald Reagan was among the subjects one month. I *like* to believe it, anyway. (Where is he now? In the shit — right!). And here and there, in a big headline exposé or some tiny inside paragraph, we come across similar stories. An actor's comeback; an actress in court for shoplifting; a star's marriage/divorce/bigamy/suicide; star's hubby on gun charge; TV singer in drugs bust; Rita Hayworth being placed under the control of her daughter — we still get to hear about some of our once idols.

And if we're very honest about it, we're really rather pleased if they're not doing so well, not raking in the zillions anymore. All idols have the inevitable feet (tits 'n' ass) of clay. As much as we cheer Borg's fifth Wimbledon victory, we're only mildly miffed when he fails at the sixth attempt. It makes him more like us. Like Liz Taylor's interminable operations, Burton's duodenal ulcer. It makes them more fallible. Human. And that's good.

On the other hand there are some real tragedies.

There's a movie being made in Seattle just now about, perhaps, the greatest 'Where-now?' tale out of Hollywood. It's about a biggish screen idol of the late 30s, Frances Farmer. (Hence the wildly original title *The Frances Farmer Story.)* There aren't many people left who know who Frances is, let alone what happened to her. Shit is what happened. Piles of *merde,* American hypocrisy style.

She is not merely forgotten but almost obliterated from Hollywood history for committing the sin of being a Jane Fonda before her time. "An intellectual anarchist," as producer Mel Brooks phrases it, "who refused to be turned into cheesecake like Marilyn Monroe was years later."

Frances paid for it. She wound up dumped in a mental home for eleven years. She was experimented upon and given a frontal lobotomy for luck. And all the while her fans asked, 'Where-now?' — and those who knew never replied.

There are other tales like that in show-business.

Ann-Margret ('Where-now?' Filming everywhere, man, London included) is being sought for another movie star biopic. The story of a lower-rung B-actress lady called Barbara Payton. She was the all too lively blonde who once had two 50s leading men, Franchot Tone and Tom Neal, brawling in public over her favours in one of the juicier Hollywood scandals.

Barbara finished up as a hooker at the cheaper end of Hollywood Boulevard. Half the guys in L.A. (wondering 'Where-now?') were screwing her and never realised it. It happens. Grace Kelly finished up as a Princess, more of a Queen really, in Monaco. So it goes.

At Knave we often get pleas to feature nude spreads or candid snaps of all your current film, TV and (increasingly) video favourites. The short answer is; we would if we could but it ain't easy — or cheap. However this piece grew out of a number of other, equally interesting letters which, between them, request details on almost 40 bygone beauties. Once famous faces (tits 'n' asses) gone but not forgotten. What happened to these letters? "Send 'em to Crawley," comes the message from on high.

Well thanks a bunch I'm sure, just as long as I don't have to reply personally to each one.

"No, no," comes the answer, "write about them, whatever happened to. . ." And then there's a list which includes Susan George, Julie Christie, Rene Bond, Virna Lisi, Fiona Lewis, Maria Schneider, Trisha Noble, Madeline Smith, Carol White, Marsha Jordan and Claire Gordon to-name-but-a-phew!

Funny thing, once you got me started I thought of many more tarnished sirens of the silver screen — plus a few who have hung on in there, one way or another.

Girls come and girls go in the entertainment business. Those who last remain in the public eye. Those who don't, usually use their station in life to marry well (money), switch to a different job in the same industry, or slip into obscurity. Until an earnest young reporter puts two and two together and rediscovers a pin-up from the 50s or 60s serving behind his local chicken 'n' chips counter.

Besides, it's easy to lose touch with people, you've probably done it yourself with old school or army friends. For example, I was actually copying my little black book the other week and was dumbfounded to find (a) how many delicious little numbers I hadn't. . .er. . .dialed for five years, and (b) how many of them happened to be dead. Alas, poor Jean Seberg, Imogen Hassell, Mary Millington. . .

> **"She wound up dumped in a mental home, experimented upon and given a frontal lobotomy for luck. . ."**

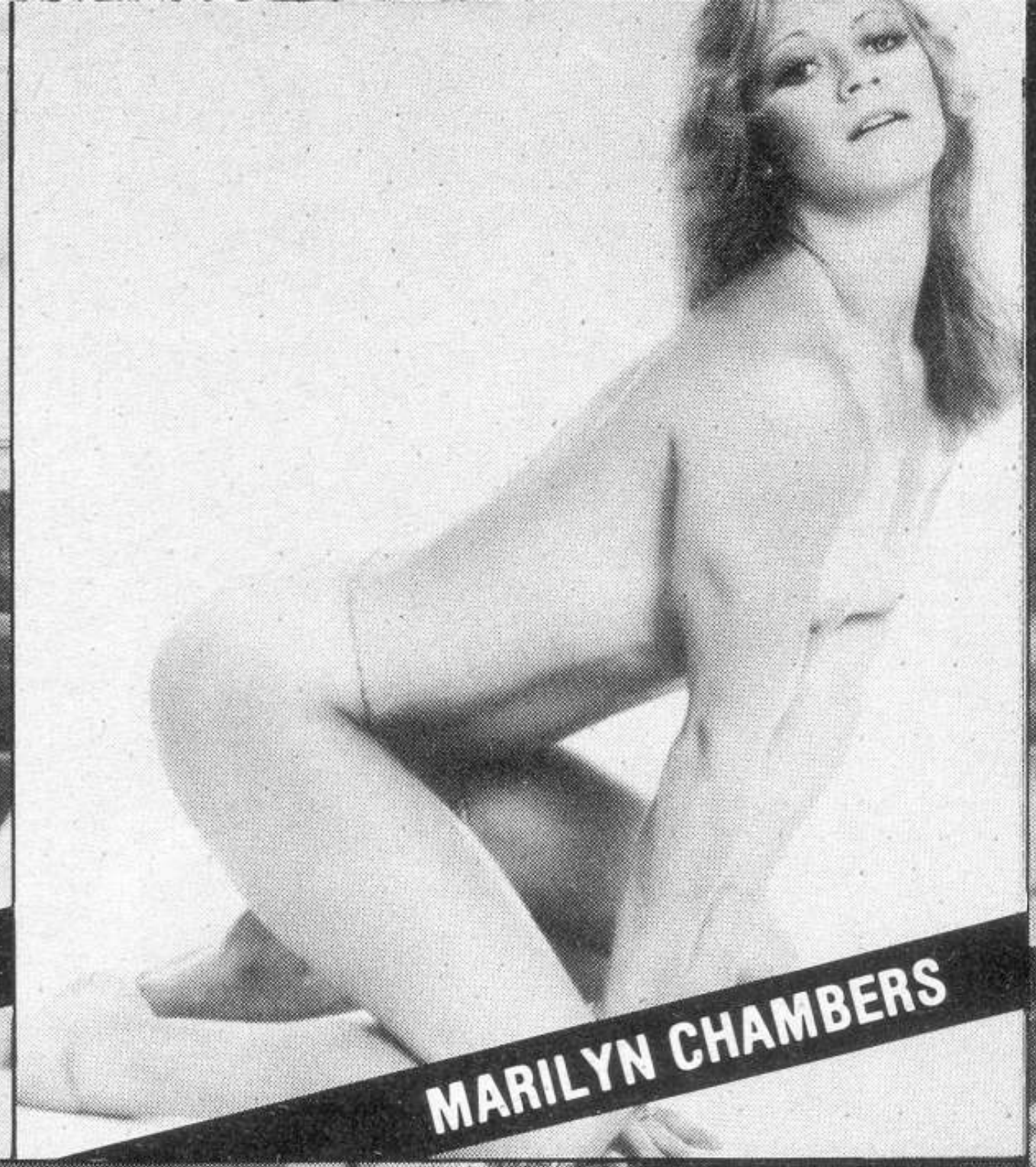
I've certainly lost touch with New York's one-time porno queen, Darby Lloyd Rains — one of the fun-est hard-core stars I've ever come across. So it's difficult to know, *exactly,* what this one-time star of one of the most outrageous wanks in blue film history is up to now. Still wanking up a storm, I guess. Indeed, remembering the stories of her semi-hooker, pre-movie days as a whip-lady, the mind can only boggle at what tricks she might now be turning. On the other hand, like the inimitable Linda Lovelace, she might be married, a mother of two, and turning her ass against her fame by leading the anti-porno troops (I doubt that. Not Darbs!).

You should, by now, have cottoned on to the Julie Christie news, yourselves. She's back from her semi-retirement in the Welsh wilderness of the last three years, and into movies again with the relish of a drunk fallen from the wagon. She has about four films to make this year alone, both here and France. She seems to be steering clear of Hollywood, however.

Julie's teenage clone, Susan George, is a tweenager no more and doesn't seem able to cope with that. She's tried dating the famous, singing, and dating the famous again. She's also back in movies. They're not much cop, though. Her thin acting talents are largely employed as wallpaper for scenes of horror and kung fu. Sue's career took a nose-dive as soon as she quit taking her duds off after *Straw Dogs. . .* and started a double-chin which some cinematographers don't take any great pains to hide. Or don't know how to. Still, should be a change of luck with the new film — *Venom.*

Anna Gael, another great favourite from your letter-lists, and thinking back to *Therese and Isabelle* and *Nana,* I understand why, became a photo-journalist soon after marrying the heir to the Marquis of Bath. Gina Lollobrigida and Candice Bergen have dabbled in the same line and now Fiona Lewis has turned ace reporter

LAURA ANTONELLI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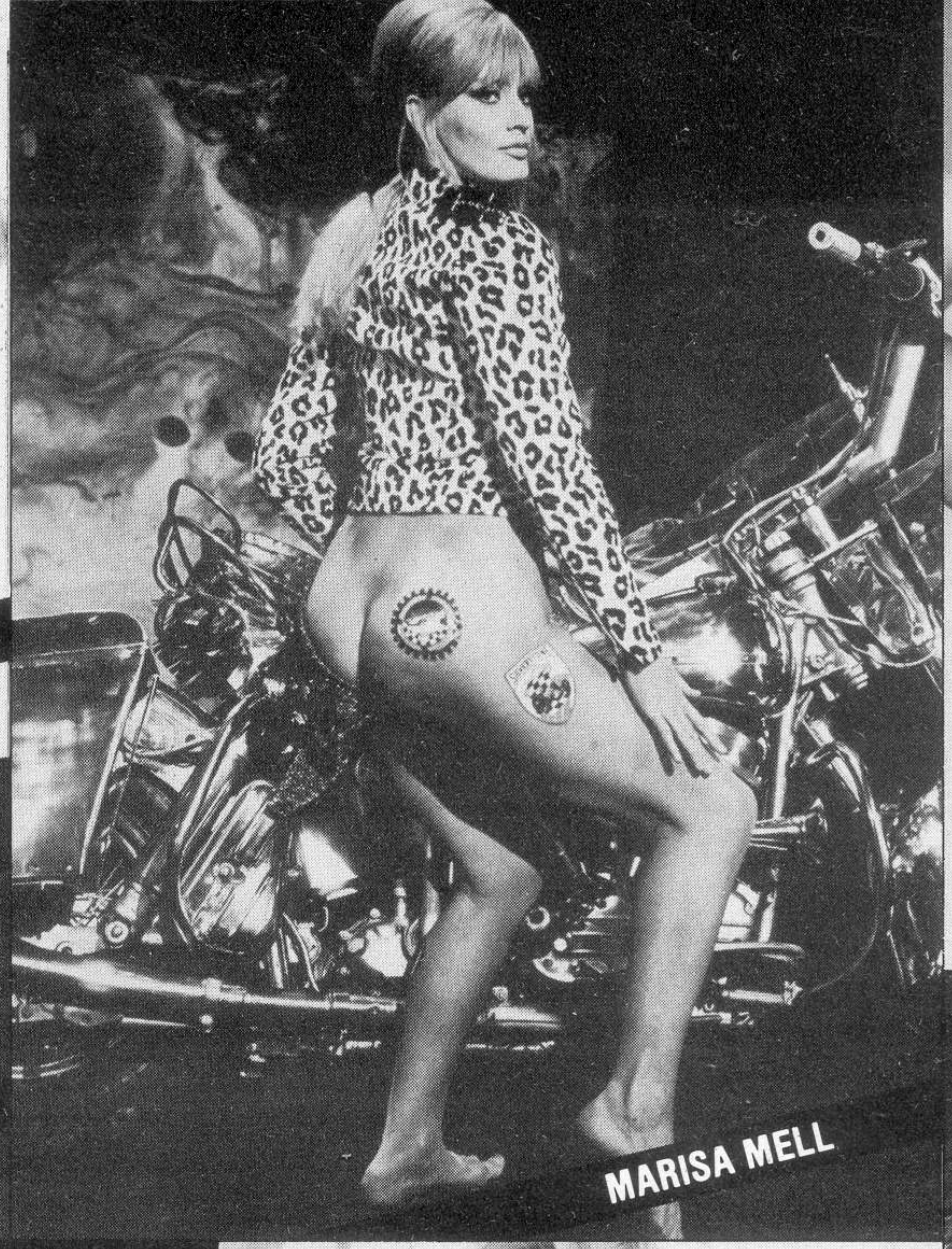
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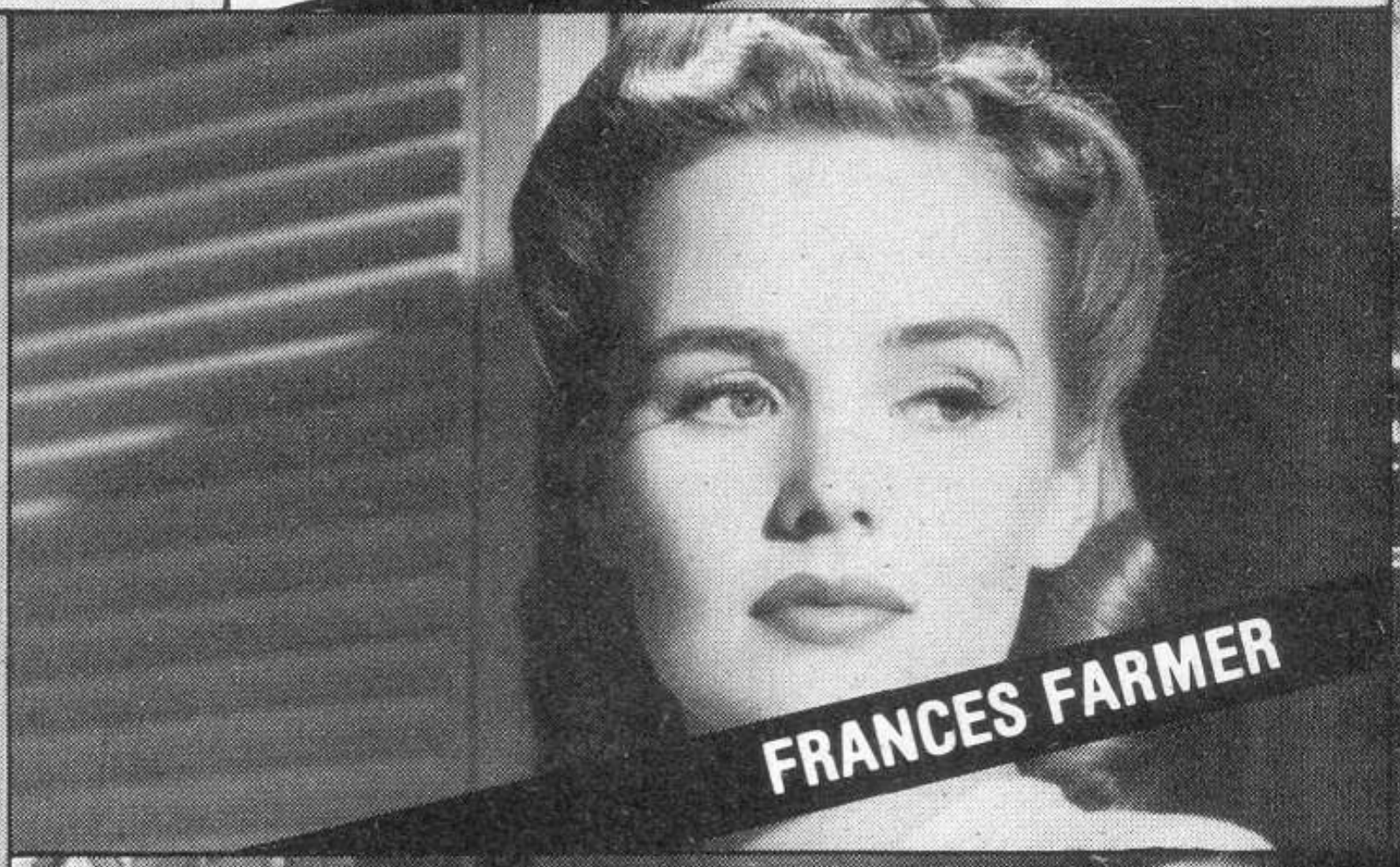
FRANCES FARMER

FIONA LEWIS

JULIE CHRISTIE

ANNA GAEL

VALERIE PERRINE

SANDRA JULIEN

ANN-MARGRET

in Los Angeles. Her interviews rival those of Roderick Mann in The Calender, in between her films, tragically few and far between these days.

An ever increasing number of the startling sex-stars of yore — names as diverse as Jeanne Moreau and Uschi Digard — have moved their act behind the cameras, too. The film-cameras. Uschi, queen of the soft-core flicks, is often Russ Meyer's associate producer these days, and keeps busy (and alas, her velvetine tits covered up) dubbing American films into any of her six languages. Seven, if you count Body Language.

Stella Stevens, the hot blonde from Hot Coffee (no kidding, it's in Mississippi) has produced a couple of movies, and lately directed another. Her son, Andrew, is the star of the family these days. I much prefer Stella, even in a tele-soap like *Flamingo Road,* which is par for her course. She was always wasted in Film City, first as a copy-Marilyn, then a new Novak. It took Sam Peckinpah to unleash the real Stella — in *The Ballad of Cable Hogue.*

Incidentally, as her son, Andrew is (or was, who ever knows any more?) married to the *Charlie's Angel* you never seem to write about, this means that Stella Stevens was (or is) the mother-in-law of. . .Kate Jackson!

And if that takes some believing, how about Claudia Cardinale as a grandmother. . .? I don't believe it either, and I'm just back from three days with her in Venice. She's making a film called *The Gift* (you never have to ask what's happened to CC — she's *always* working) and she looks at 43, young enough to play the lead role taken by Clio Goldsmith. Succulent is the word for her. Within a couple of months of becoming a granny three years ago, she also became a mother again. Understandable.

Rita Gan, whose career includes starring in Hollywood's last silent drama (a gimmicky film in 1952) and being Grace Kelly's bridesmaid in Monaco, is now directing TV documentaries about women around the world. Gunnel Lindblom, star of Ingmar Bergman's most sexual movie, *The Silence* (1963), has, with Bergman's aid as producer, become one of Sweden's most important (and prize-winning) film directors. Much the same goes for Jeanne Moreau in France. She's directed three movies so far, but hasn't yet touched upon a subject as erotic as her scandalous breakthrough in *The Lovers* of 1958. Nor has Gunnel. Be most interesting to see a sex-drama directed by both of these top erotica actresses.

"Barbara finished up as a hooker. Half the guys in L.A. were screwing her and never realised it."

On the porno front — or back, if you prefer it that way — Ann Perry is now about the best woman hard-core director around. You may remember her better as Ann Myers in such soft-cor! standouts as *The Golden Box.* That was a couple of husbands ago. Indeed, her full name today is Ann Perry-Rhine. Her porno films are very hot stuff and always supply that which America can never seem to do without — gargantuanly breasted leading ladies (like Candida Royalle and Lisa De Leuw). Ann's proud of them for doing what she's never agree to do on film — one of her's or anyone else's. Namely, fuck and suck. A lot. A helluva lot.

Edy Williams always said she wanted to make a porno film, but she was such a gross exaggeration of a sex-symbol, a sort of Mae West in Mansfield clothing, that no one took her up on it. Even her one-time hubby, Russ Meyer, couldn't face the prospect of shooting a third softie movie with her. That ended their marriage, but not Edy's ambition. She's still around, pushing some venture or another, certainly pushing herself — thrusting every damn squirming inch of her well-tanned frame at the Cannes festival every year. She sheds her clothes at the sound of the first Hasselblad click and starts posing topless, bottomless, on the tops of walls, cars or chairs, as if she were sweet sixteen and God's answer to Bo Derek. She ain't. Edy Williams, as any Cannes festival-goer will tell you, is one almighty BORE!

She should quit, disappear like, unfortunately, a more sexational L.A. babe called Rene Bond. She's one of the few who crossed over from soft to hard-core movies, stayed around in the blues for a couple of years and suddenly — gone. Beatrice Harnois and Frederique Barrel went just as quickly in France. But then they had good reason. French porno stinks. L.A. porno is so good now, it looks as if it was turned out on the MGM lots.

Another blue-edged cutie who starred a while and then split is Constance Money. She ended up running a bar in Alaska, of all places. She may yet make a comeback, though. Constance, star of *The Joy of Letting Go* and Radley Metzger's Erotica award winner, *The Opening of Misty Beethoven,* has lately moved back to L.A. With her baby. (It gets cold in Alaska. . .) She's sharing the house of a top porno stud, John Leslie. "We're just good friends," says John. Considering the number of cunts he fills and volumes of semen he shoots in a working day, he may well be right. I doubt if he's *able* to bring his work home with him.

Carole White, another Christie lookalike, and best remembered for her TV work in *Cathy Come Home,* went to Hollywood, stuck around and found her career lost all its steam. It can happen like that. Not just a matter of talent but who you know. In Paris, Muriel Catala was touted as a new Bardot in films like *Faustine* and *The Verdict* less than five years ago. She stripped oh so prettily. I've not heard of her since — so stop asking willya?

You want another example of here today, where the hell tomorrow? Take Julie Ege. She used to fill more newspaper space than the coverage of a year's strikes, inflation, Northern Ireland, England's World Cup flops and Mohammed Ali put together. But where is she now? I wish I knew. Married still, I hope. Happy still, I trust. Bringing up her family and having the odd chuckle as she spins through the pages of her scrap-books. (They'd fill a room). Julie was fun while she lasted. What happened to her is, she didn't run out of steam or films — the British film industry did.

"She's still knocking out movies at the rate of four sex-farces a year in Rome. The bosom is still firm."

The trouble with all sex-starlets and indeed superstar sirens (as Bo Derek, I'm sure, is aware and planning for) is that acting talent eventually becomes more important than a divine framework and instant hard-on gyrations. I was chatting to a luscious new siren only the other week — Pia Zadora, by name. Her first movie, *Butterfly,* is a very torrid yarn, steamy, erotic. But, I said, why did we never see you nude? Because, she said, what would I do for an encore?

It's the old seen-two-you've-seen-them-all syndrome. Or is it? Does the public get fed up with the tits and ass of such charmers as Victoria Vetri, Katya Wyeth, Sherrie Cronn, Ava Cadell, Heather Deely, Sandra Julien and Linda Romay — to name but a few of the late '70's turn-ons? Judging by all the letters wanting to know where they be now? what are they up to? can we expect them in a new film? And so on — no, it's not the public at fault. Once they find a new personality to fuel their wet-dreams, they stay remarkably faithful. Like the Trisha Noble regiment . . . for years!

It's the bloody producers who keep on wanting new girls — fresh meat as they so often call them. The Vetries, Juliens, even, Heather Deely — who just beat Mary Millington as the first girl to star in a British hard-core feature, *Sex Express.* They never really had a solid hit to force producer's hands in utilising them again. In Italy, for example, Laura Antonelli has long since superceded Loren 'n' Lollo. She has rivals aplenty (Dalila Di Lazzaro, Gloria Guida, Ornella Muti) but she's stayed at the top because each new movie she makes, sex-comedy or drama, has the heated impact of her breakthrough, *Malizia.* (Being Jean-Paul Belmondo's girlfriend might have helped. It sure helped Ursula Andress while they lasted).

In an America driven by the eternal youth bug, absolute stunners like Angel Tompkins, Pamela Grier, Michele Carey and cute Misty Rowe, have fallen by the wayside (or, into television; same thing) because they happened to have birthdays every year. For my money, apparently my readers', too, they still look sensational, with curves in all the right places, thighs to sigh on, and asses to rhapsodise upon. But where are they now? No-bloody-where.

Hit 30 in Hollywood and unless you're Fonda, Streep, Clayburgh or Sally Field, you're dead. Hit 30 in Italy — 40 even — and the strip goes on. Edwige Fenech was hailed as having 'Europe's Best Bosom' ten years ago in her late '20s. She's still knocking out movies at the rate of four sex-farces a year in Rome. The bosom is still firm, as you'll see soon enough in her 007 send-up (well, the secret agent is gay), *Shut Up When You Speak,* due here in a matter of months.

Virna Lisi, like La Cardinale, is 43, and far from unemployed by the producers on the Via Veneto. So she's playing mothers, these days. They're very sultry, hot mammas. As a sex-symbol she's one who has improved with maturity.

Ironically, the American producers who remain most faithful to their star-finds are those in porno. Not so many years ago, they'd drop a new babe after three films, sometimes two. Not any more. The blue star system works as a better box-office draw than Hollywood's. In cinemas or on cassette. Marilyn Chambers can still earn a small fortune if and when she feels like getting laid on camera for a week. Annette Haven has been around so long, she's an institution — second only to Georgina Spelvin (and *she's* getting close to 50). The newer gals, like Veronica Hart and Samantha Fox, have contracts almost straight off for eight to ten films.

If one of your dream-wish favourites disappears from porno nowadays — like Barbara Bourbon or Jennifer Welles — it's because they want to. That usually signifies a rich, but *very* rich hubby. But not always. Femme lib also stands for deciding; to fuck or not to fuck for a living. . .

Just below the heady strata of blue superstars are the also rans. The hard chorus of allcomers. It's really no use asking me where they are now. They changed their names so often, a new monicker per movie almost, that it's more to the point to ask *who* are they now?

For those sex-sirens who never made it in their homeland, career opportunities open up abroad. Just like spread legs. No star is more loved in France, for instance, than the import who decides to stay, learn the lingo and make a new life there. Hence the career of Jane Birkin, turning out four to five movies a year up to 1980. She's slowed down now because she's bravely junked the sexy nymphette image and begun playing her age (35). That also explains why she's in such boring old rubbish as EMI's Agatha (yawn!) Christie films. She's just made her second, the title of which worthless endeavour I won't trouble you with.

Barbara Bouchet is the Birkin of Italy. Otto Preminger found her, oh, zonks ago. Hollywood put her in pap. She came to London and made *Casino Royale.* She went to Italy on holiday, and she's never left. Flitting between undressed farce and meaty drama, she's the toast of Rome.

Still going from film to film — she has a helluva hot one due soon with Jack Nicholson, *The Border* — is Valerie Perrine. The ex-Vegas topless dancer has no qualms about still showing 'em off. And why should she? She has a great pair, even if she kept 'em out of sight in *Superman I* and *II.* As long as she avoids more rubbish like *Can't Stop The Music,* she doesn't seem a likely contender for the old 'Where-now?' question for some years yet. (So stop asking about her too, okay?)

I rather fancy Honeysuckle Divine has finally disappeared, along with all that baby powder, up her overly muscular snatch. Claire Gordon, the ultimate in '50 s sex-symbols, according to the staid Pinewood pattern, came back in the '70s nudies and did herself proud and then quit for Ibiza again where, or so she told me last time I ran into her at Cannes, she still lives. Lucky Ibizians. But Veronica Carlson, who Hammer Films tried to turn into 'A Star', was always rather too naice and English to cut it abroad. I would think she's a wife and mumsy by now, doing needlepoint and helping out with the W.I. bring 'n' buy sale.

"She went to Hollywood, stuck around and found her career lost all its steam. It can happen. . ."

Good to see that Hazel Court was mentioned in about six letters. Alas, she too, has long since quit Britain and British films, (how she ever stayed encased in her low bodice in *The Curse of Frankenstein* in 1957, I'll never know; watching 'em fight for freedom was the real suspense of that movie). She lives in Hollywood these days, married to the director Don Taylor.

Lena Nyman, the overly censored *I'm Curious* sexpot, still makes the odd film (sometimes *very* odd). She keeps her clothes on now, which is a pity, because she's lost her puppy-fat. She prefers the Stockholm theatre to movies, though. Madeline Smith of the baby voice and what often appeared to be two baby heads stuck fast to her superstructure, has been on Radio and T.V. lately — so she's back? Yutte Stensgaard, another Hammer regular, faded like. . .just like Hammer Films did. Abigail Clayton has successfully left porno for straight films under her real name of Gail Lawrence; I hope she nets better choices in future than the grisly horror trip *Maniac.* And sorry but, Marisa Mell, the very tasty slice of Viennese pastry, I've just not heard of in many a long moon.

As to some of the other names raised in your mail . . . Jenny Agutter, as you must have seen by now, strips again, in *An American Werewolf in London* . . . Cybill Shepherd has been trying the American stage, with not much luck there either . . . Joanna Skimkus is too busy for films, bringing up her kiddies with Sidney Poitier . . . Maria Schneider is alive and well, and off the drugs and working well . . . Romy Schneider is getting over, slowly, the recent tragic death of her young son . . . Angie Dickinson started her new TV series in the States in January . . . Liz Taylor is West End bound in her Broadway hit, *Little Foxes . . .* Maggie Wright is all right (as always) . . . Kim Pope now directs rather than acts in porno . . . Catherine Deneuve is more glacial than ever in her French movies . . . Caroline Munro continues in the horror field with *The Last Horror Film* (oh, if only it was) . . . Karen Black is resplendently nude in *The Grass Is Singing* (I said grass) . . . the Caligula chick Therese Ann Savoy has been filming in Rome, Hungary and Paris . . . Barbra Streisand is about to direct her next movie, *The Yent'l* . . . Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen have co-produced their new one, *Rich and Famous* (and hot in places, mainly Jackie's places) . . . Senta Berger seems to have quit . . . Scilla Gabel gave up being a second Loren (who needed a second Loren?) . . . Susan Strasberg has written her life story, no punches held . . . Goldie Hawn is her own producer and about to grapple with Burt Reynolds . . . Marsha Jordan, Ann Perry's co-star in that *Golden Box,* retired from soft-core when the hard stuff came in, returned down South to count her money . . . Mia Farrow is making two Woody Allen films, back to back . . . sister Tisa is up to her slim tits in spaghetti horrors and thrillers . . . Barbara Bach married Ringo Starr (where have you been?) . . . Mollie Peters married a policeman. . .

Phew!

Which final flurry leaves me scanty space in which to pose my own entry in this 'Where-now?' sport. *I* want to know whatever happened to the most joltingly abrasive erotic actress to have come along in years. She is American. She was in Nic Roeg's last outing *Bad Timing.* In short, where is the funky Theresa Russel today? And why the hell doesn't she make more movies. *Please?*

If you find out before I do — let me know.

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"Yoo hoo! Miss Peabody! Your fanny vibrator's ready!"

BOBBY-LOU

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERGE JAQUES

Usually to be seen scorching up the courts around her home town of San Antonio, Texas, Bobby-Lou has been tennis mad since she was net high. At the moment she's over here on the European culture circuit; The Louvre, The Tate, Wimbledon, etc. Next year she'll be entering a few tournaments — right now she's entering our lives as a torrid tennis fantasy.

A very cute 18-year-old with an appealing, ''Hi y'all!'' drawl, Bobby-Lou is very well seeded as far as we are concerned — even if she isn't in the computer rankings yet. Her ground strokes are a delight and her overhead game is devastating, even if she is a little suspect over the net. In fact she's absolutely perfect in all respects but one. She can't help it, she just prefers green balls that's all. . .

MIRA tennis

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fred
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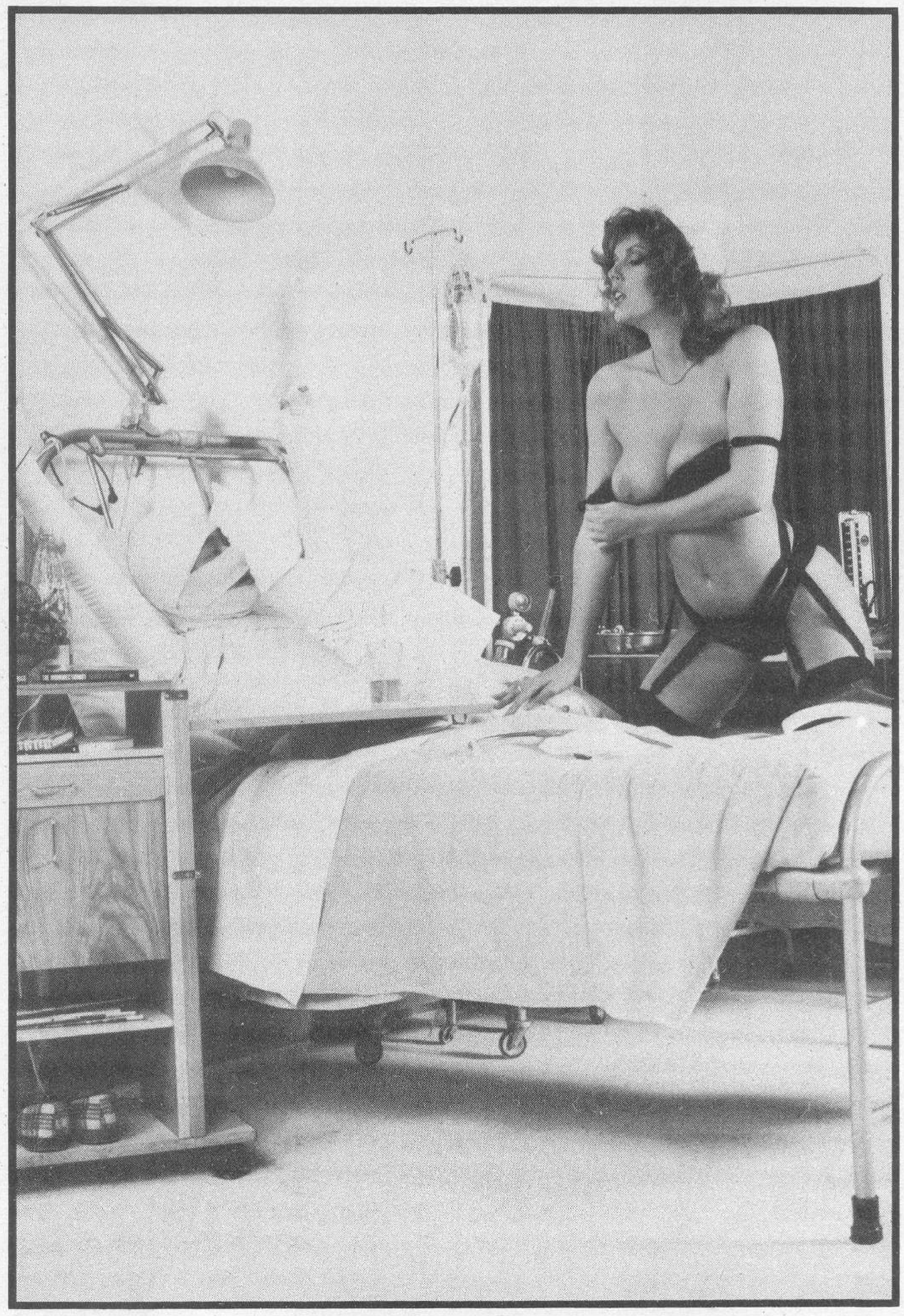
ROMIKA tenn

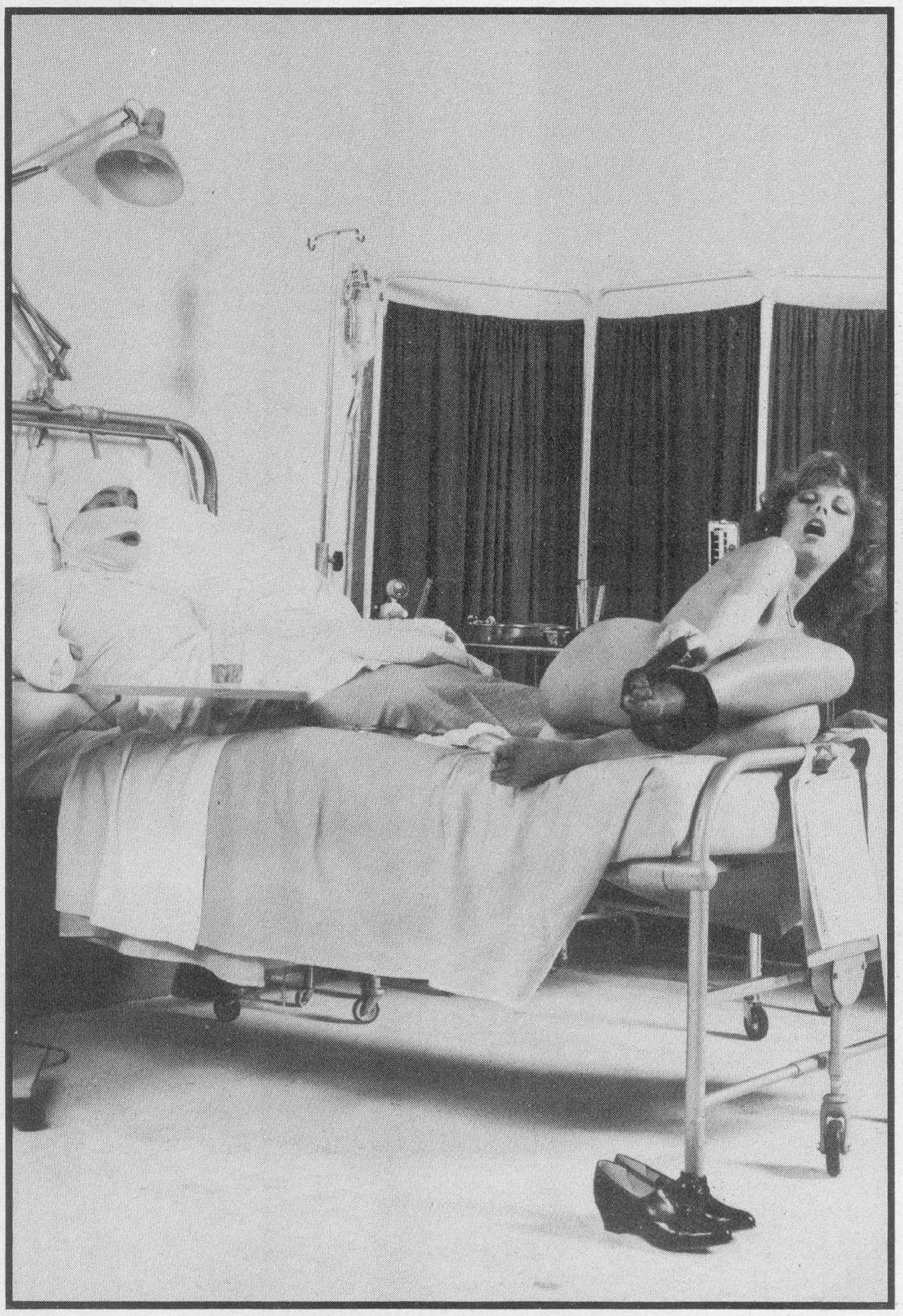
The Lady Undresses

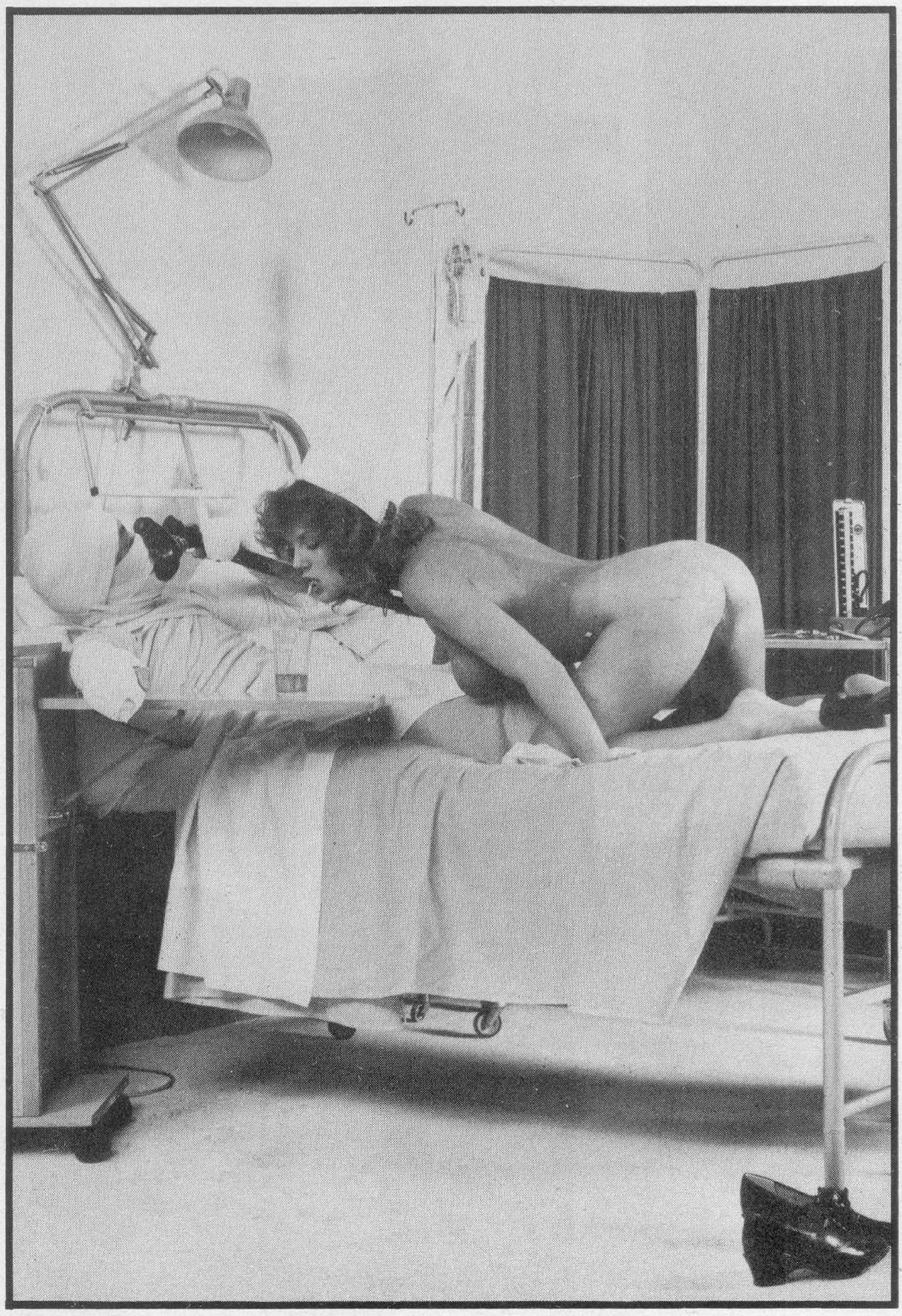
All the nurses called him 'The Mummy'. He was rumoured to be so disfigured by compulsive self-abuse, that he'd been put under wraps. Bandaged, bondaged and banished to a private ward. Nurse Florence Nightinbed felt sorry for him, felt he should be allowed to put himself out of his misery. She decided to offer a little erotic fertiliser for the imagination. Some stimulation for a final act of auto-erotic euthanasia.

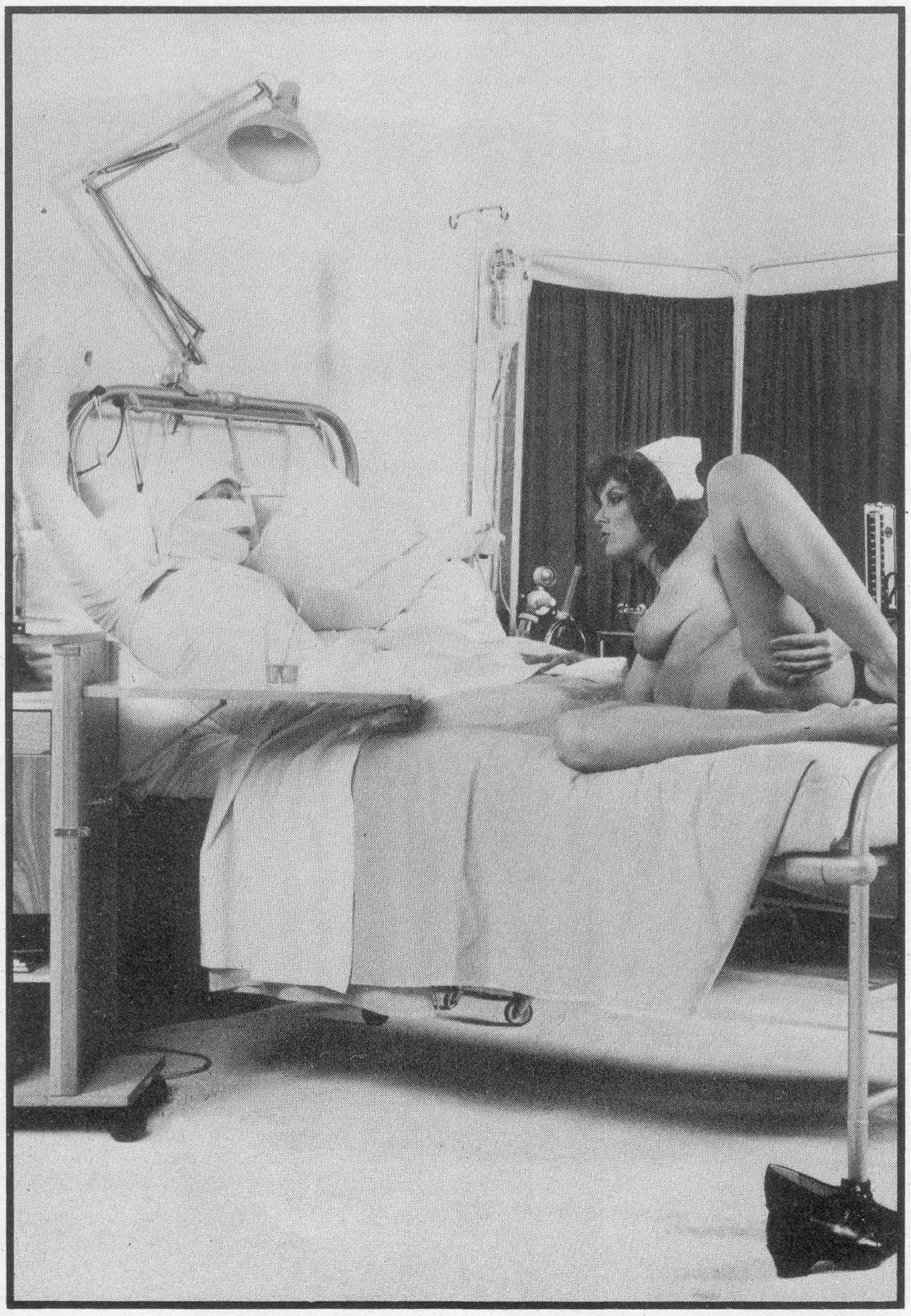
She started to strip, peeling like a steeple full of bells — but got carried away. When you're as attractive as Florence it's hard not to turn yourself on at every turn. ''Oh Mummy!'' she husked, ''is your glyphic for hire?'' He did his best, but she called for a second opinion, and a third . . . The fifth opined that he'd give her a matt finish any time. Florence was happy at last. But what of the poor patient, did he fall down on the job? Apparently so. He went to pieces at the crucial moment. But that was always The Curse Of The Mummy . . .

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORD EVE









VIN
MAT
PALE

Arabella

"Apparently I've always had a knowing look," she said innocently. "Sort of artful and tarty, if you know what I mean. All the boys used to assume I was the kind of girl who. . *.did!"* She paused and tweaked a nipple absent-mindedly. It stood to attention. A sigh escaped her soft, velvet lips. "They were damned right too. And I still do — all the time!" 25 years old and effortlessly sexy, Arabella is a life-aholic. "I want to experience everything. To travel, to eat all the best food, make love all the time and with all sorts of lovely men... One day I suppose I'll have to settle down and get married; to a guy who's exciting and poor or boring and rich. But until then I'm going to cram my life with marvellous men! Sex is the peak experience as far as I'm concerned — and I love it." She paused for breath once more. "After all, what else are men for?" And she almost looked innocent again.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS

ARABELLA
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NYMPHO NURSES FZ03

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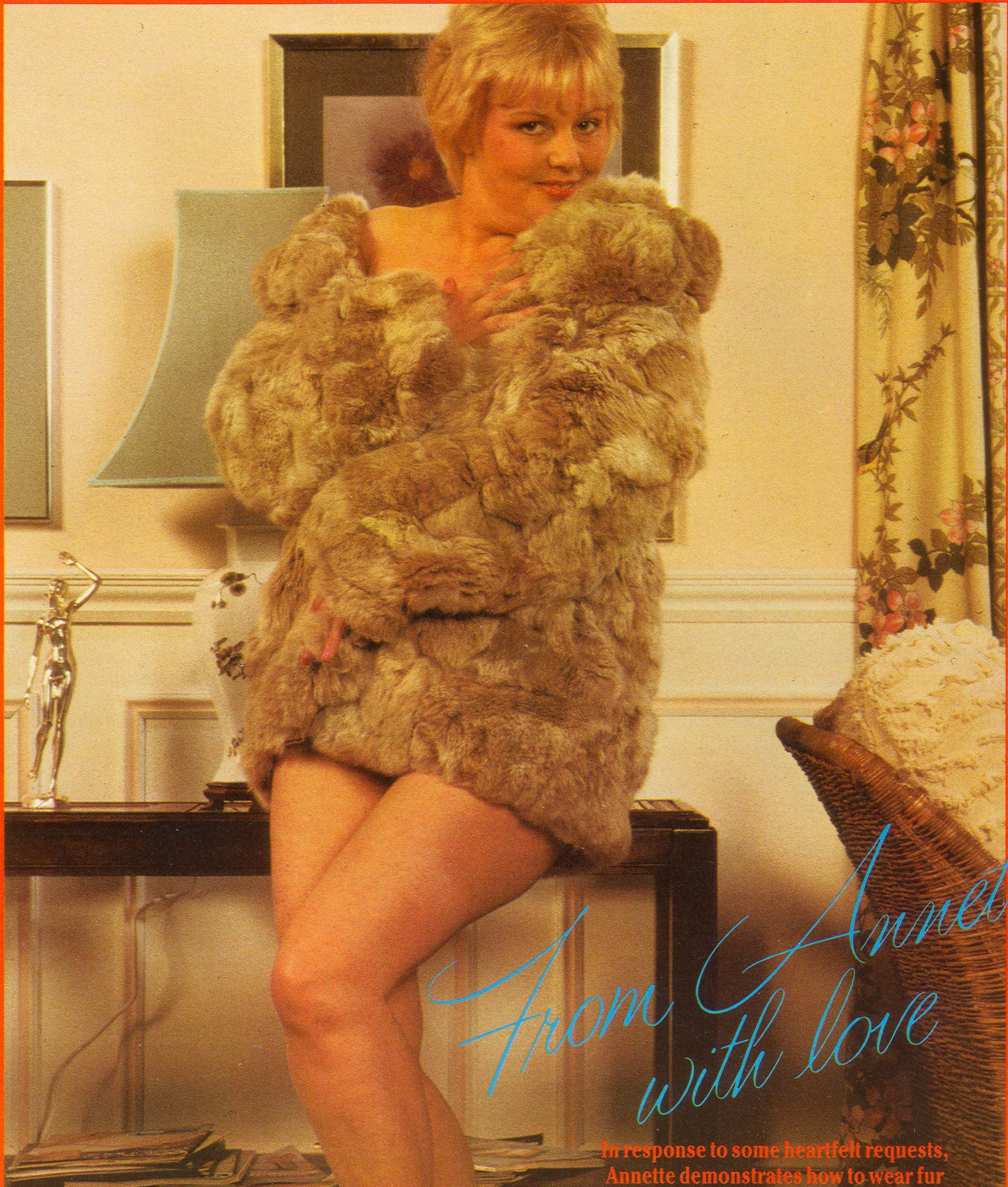

From Annette with love

In response to some heartfelt requests, Annette demonstrates how to wear fur with flair – and very little else! And in the process she becomes quite a fur fan herself. There's also some very good advice to the partners of men with a yen for fur and feathers, and for young men who wish to seduce older women!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL DIAMOND

Three million unemployed don't seem to make any difference to the preference for making love on, or wearing, fur – to judge from several letters I have had in during the past six weeks. I have kept them aside from my main postbag so that I could devote an entire column to the slinky subject of fur. I once read about a writer (*the Edwardian novelist, Elinor Glyn – Ed.*) who made love on leopardskin. Her love-making took place in front of a full length mirror, and her various partners were said to have included three Cabinet members and one Prime Minister.

What is the attraction of fur, anyway? Professor Bronstein, whose popular book, *Whatever Turns You On*, took America by storm in its gentle mocking way in the early sixties, had no doubt at all on the subject. "For most working class women fur is the luxuriant bar none. The wearing of it usually denotes great wealth or a woman of fairly easy virtue. It is an aphrodisiac right across the class spectrum, and no-one becomes more stimulated by its smell and touch than the blue collar (manual) working class."

James of Bradford sent me a very long letter, which I shall abridge, about an experience with fur which recently happened to him.

Dear Annette,

Unfortunately my wife does not share my desire for fur. She likes the coats I have bought for her (*I'll bet*) but feels they would be spoiled if we made love whilst she was actually wearing them. Because of her objection I have just had a fantastic affair with a neighbour, who likes nothing better. I used to see Maureen going out every Sunday morning in her best fur coat, and would smile. We got to chatting in the street and then one Friday I met her and happened to mention that my wife was away for the weekend. She asked me whether I was being cooked for and when I said that I was expecting to live out of tins she invited me to go round for dinner. I went round about 1pm the next day.

She did me a nice fry up and we settled down to watch the football together on the box. After that we got talking and I told her how much I admired her fur coat. It is a full length mink and she said a rich Uncle had given it to her. She's divorced, so I raised my eyebrows and smiled, knowingly, and she returned my look, and laughed. She also said, and this is what made me sit up, Annette, that she felt very sexy when she wore it. Well, I took a chance and told her I really did think she looked extremely sexy in it, and that an attractive woman always looked her best in furs. I could see she didn't want to get off the subject. I was getting very horny, and then I had a brainwave. "Would you go upstairs and put it on for me?" I asked her. She took about five minutes, and when she returned she wore it pulled wrapped around her body.

"She gave me a really deep-throated passionate kiss, as she did so the coat fell away to reveal that she was completely starkers underneath."

I admired the coat and stroked its lovely glossy fur, with her in it. I noticed the horniness in her own eyes and she made no effort to draw away from me when my hand went over her boobs. Instead, she pressed them through the fur into it. My cock was now rampant. I grabbed her around the waist, pulled her to me, and she gave me a really deep-throated passionate kiss. But that wasn't all. As she did so the coat fell away to reveal that she was completely starkers underneath. I began undoing my trousers and she unfastened my shirt buttons. Soon I was as naked as she was and she removed the coat from her body and laid it on the couch with the fur side uppermost. The feeling of her skin and the fur sent me crazy. She was wet and ready for me and I could not resist burying my face in her own fur as my penis throbbed against her leg, stabbing along its inside as I withdrew my mouth to hers, slipping it up her. She wriggled and came so quickly that I didn't have time to join her.

I said this wasn't fair and suggested that she mount me so that I could feel that ecstatic feeling of the fur under my body this time. I came very quickly, and she artfully pulled my cock out at the last minute so that I shot my load into her hand so that she could rub my warm sperm over her large boobs,

which she said she loved to do. It also meant that it did not go on the fur and spoil it.

I am sure that you would adore the feeling of fur against your own skin, Annette, and it would make a great story if you were to wander through a fur shop, trying on all the furs; all the different shapes and sizes and various pelts of fur. But if not, could we at least see you dressed in a full length fur coat and nothing else? Do please try to do some pictures like this for us, Annette. You have no idea how happy it would make me, at least. Your lovely, sexy, body, caressed by fur, would be a wonderful sight to see."

Well, James, I am happy to oblige. And I do agree with you. Fur is so exciting and so sexy. I became quite worked up during the photographic session in the Knave studio, and when I finished I rushed to catch the train back up North, after telephoning my boyfriend to make sure that he would be in when I got back. He was very surprised when I told him we were going to make it on my mink, but soon found it great fun. I didn't get a wink of sleep all night – I'm *very* glad to say!

Other fur fanciers include Roger, from Bournemouth and Stan, who writes to me from Hartlepool. Roger first.

"Dear Annette,

I particularly like the more exotic kind of underwear, not so much those tiny briefs or split crotch things, but the ones in silk or satin – preferably trimmed with fur or feathers. I think these are really elegant and make a girl look and feel so much more sexy."

I can quite see his point, because tease is every bit as important as strip. When a man is into leather or fur, or whatever, it will excite him and make things more fun for both of them, if his partner wears it as tiny panties or perhaps as a full or half cup bra.

"Dear Annette,

When my girlfriend and I make love" (says Stan) "it is on a special rug we have made that covers our entire bed. She has sewn it out of coats, furs and odd stoles we have picked up at various jumble sales. It is already big enough to pull over ourselves, so that we have fur both above and below us, and with a few more trips to the sales we hope to turn it into an enormous sleeping bag – so that we can crawl into our beautiful fur cave and make love surrounded by it. Just the smell of fur is enough to turn me on, and my girlfriend loves it too."

"Fur is so exciting and so sexy. I became quite worked up during the photo session in the Knave studio and rushed to catch the train back up North..."

Sounds great Stan, but what happens when you go away together and have to sleep on good old, common or garden hotel sheets? You say it will soon be a sleeping bag so I suppose you'll be able to pack it up and take it with you, but I would give a lot to see the face of the maid who comes in to the room to 'make the bed'!

Brian from Kensington writes to me about his experiences in Canada.

"Dear Annette,

I was on the local police force in Montreal and one morning two inspectors brought in a French Canadian woman in her thirties who had been found running through Lafontaine Parc with her mink wide open and wearing no other clothes except a muddy pair of high heeled shoes with black tying-up cords at the front.

This woman fascinated me. She sat there, showing her boobs in the charge room. She had a terrific figure. She screamed when they accused her of being a prostitute, and told them, in French, that she and her boyfriend loved to fornicate on the cold snow with her mink coat laid down underneath them. They had had a row and he had got up, got back into his car and buggered off, leaving her standing there.

"I was running to stop freezing!", she told a delightedly pop-eyed Capitaine.

I was told to take her to where she said she lived, in the squad car. When we got inside she made me some coffee and crossed her legs, allowing the coat to fall back. "You have a terrific body" I told her, perspiring in my winter uniform. "Mais, oui, M'sieu! D'accord!" she replied.

She stood up and unbuttoned my tunic flies and fished out my prick. I

had long since passed the point of 'duty'.

I undressed and went on the bed with her. Somehow the mink; the way she wore it, and the captivating way in which she used her body were an unstoppable combination. She had that deep brown tanned skin and the Marilyn Monroe full figure, with a gorgeous bum and boobs. The sexy high heeled string tied shoes sent me wild, too, as she dug their heels into my back as I was just about on the short strokes. But the overpowering feel and smell of the mink! I came so quickly and so strongly, that I had time for another bash before I realised the police car radio would be crackling with ominous "where are you?" messages from 'Mon Lieutenant'. And I had her in Parc Lafontaine, many times after that – although she was never caught by my 'confrères' again!"

Whew! That's enough mink for a few months. If I don't get off the subject I shall become too much of a convert, and forget the many other delightful variations in love-making. I agree with all my correspondents on the subject of fur, but not fur-ever!

Terry from Watford writes about a problem.

"Dear Annette,

I am 18 and very shy, but have fallen in love with an older woman. What has happened is this. She is a widowed divorcee who has moved in two doors down from our house, and I can hardly keep my eyes off her; she is so attractive. She reminds me a lot of you, Annette, which is why I thought I would ask you. She is dark, instead of blonde, but she has a wonderful full figure; a real woman like you. Not one of those silly little teenagers.

I have seen her looking at me but I don't know if she likes me or not. I have an office job and walk past her house every morning to the bus stop and see her collecting the milk from her doorstep. The first time it happened she was wearing a loose dressing gown over her nightie and the top was partially open, showing almost all of her wonderfully developed breasts. It was such a beautiful sight that it stopped me right in my tracks. I thought about it all day at work, so that I could not concentrate on my job, and kept awake feeling very sexy all night afterwards.

"We can crawl into our beautiful fur cave and make love surrounded by it. Just the smell of fur is enough to turn me and my girlfriend on…"

The next time I saw her she had her top done up. Then, the other day, it fell open again, but she didn't seem at all embarrassed, and took her time covering herself up as we chatted about the weather. I could feel myself going red as I was talking to her. The trouble is that I am tongue tied about starting a proper conversation. I think she sort of fancies me, because neither my parents or any of the older neighbourhood gossips have mentioned her in a loose respect, so I cannot help but think that there is something there, but how can I find out? I want to tell her I love her but am frightened of making a fool of myself, or her reporting me to my parents if my guess is wrong."

I think you have to plan, carefully, Terry. She is new to the neighbourhood. Next time you are talking to her find out what her interests are, especially if she likes walking, or going to the pub for a drink. She might even be keen on football, who knows? When you have drawn her out, don't be obvious and suggest that you accompany her until the next time the two of you chat. Then say something like; "Oh, the blackberries are out in the Spinney. Do you feel like a walk? It's such a nice day." Say it with a big smile and look straight at her. If she is interested she will pick up the pass, believe me. A mature woman isn't, as you so rightly say, a silly young, empty headed, girl of 18. Don't worry about making love, or telling her you are in love. A woman of her years will let *you* know when she wants your body, and she will be a good teacher. Go to it, Terry, and Good Luck!

Keep writing. I love your letters.

Until next month;
love and kisses,
Annette.

"Once again, don't forget to keep those letters coming. You can write to me on any subject and I'll do my best to answer you – through the magazine. Sorry I can't guarantee a personal reply, but I'm sure you can understand why. Hope to hear from you very soon. Write to Annette Johnson, c/o Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT."

JO

When a handsome middle-aged man with a concertina of credit cards asks Jo to make an executive decision, he's not expecting to put her answer to a board of directors. It's usually an offer to pack her suntan lotion and join him at some exotic spot for two weeks of hard relaxation.

Not so long ago she agreed to one such proposition. Jo says it was the smartest decision she ever made. It gave her a ticket to Spain, a personal poolside paradise and a shell necklace business as a sideline.

So there she resides, simmering in a blend of olive and coconut oils, so preoccupied with her own lustrous body she barely has time for those important discussions with her slavish landlord. But the life of a shell necklace magnate is not all pool parties. Sometimes she has to bring her benefactor to account — and to his knees. If it's tough at the top, it can be harder on the bottom.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Julie Hatfield

AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

The pose and clothes are inviting, but Julie's eyes issue a full-blooded sexual challenge. A searing glance that says; "Are you *really* man enough for me?"

Her effect on one Knave staffer added a new meaning to the expression 'knee trembler'. It was pitiful to watch.

With her flaming hair and the fiery temperament to match, Julie turned out to be an absolute natural as a model. She made a mockery of the 'Amateur' tag and now, back home in the county of Avon, she can congratulate herself on a job well done.

She's clearly a firm believer in the 'If you've got it, flaunt it' philosophy. But then that's what the Knave Amateur Model feature is all about, girls — having a good old flaunt!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

Knave's Amateur Model of the Month feature is still open to any girl anxious to experience a little glamour under the lights. All you need to send is three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee is £150, and the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention will receive £25 for his initiative. Let's hear from you *now*.